



Elephant Train in the English Army of India, Manned by Natives, and Used During the Present War to Haul Cannon Into the Wilds and Through the Passes.

A LETTER FROM LIEUT. PEARY.

The Explorer Describes
the Hope's Entrance
Into the Great Ice
Realm.

NOTHING could more strongly evidence the powerful hold which anything pertaining to the Arctic regions has upon the popular mind than the interest displayed by the people of Boston at all classes in the Hope.

At 9:30 o'clock Monday morning, everything and everybody, including the pilot, was on board. The hope quickly backed out of her berth, and swinging round started down the harbor with the heads of the neighboring piers packed with sightseers and numerous friends of the party.

Tuesday was a repetition of Monday, though with less fog, and the Hope still kept up her nine knot pace. Wednesday the fog settled down in earnest, and the long drawn sheet of our whistle pierced the air at exasperating intervals. Still the same motionless sea and faintest but favorable air. The fog precluded any possibility of our taking the short cut through Cape Breton via St. Peter's Canal and the beautiful Bras d'Or lakes, and we kept on our way outside with the verdant shores of the Nova Scotian peninsula invisible on our port beam and that grim horror, Sable Island, with its hundreds of wrecks and countless bones of ships and men equally invisible on our starboard beam.

Wednesday evening the wind came fair astern, the Hope's huge topsails were set to it, at midnight the fog lifted, at daylight the sea had darkened to frosted steel, and before breakfast time we rounded Scotari Island, the easternmost point of Nova Scotia, with foresail, topsails, jib and staysails set and drawing and hauled up for the entrance to the Bras d'Or, the site of the mines where the Hope was to fill for the voyage.

A little after noon we were at anchor a half mile above the coal pier and breasted in a boat's length from the shore to discharge our ballast and make room for the coal.

Early Saturday morning the coaling was completed and the Hope warped away from the pier to clean up.

The favoring wind stirred with us but a short time, then drifted dead ahead and the sky took on every appearance of a northeaster. Before supper time we were enveloped in the densest of fog and in this we passed St. Paul Island about 8 o'clock in the evening locating it by its fog whistle.

From St. Paul Island we plunged heavily northward across the mouth of the gulf, blowing our whistle constantly and keeping a sharp lookout for any of the heavy lumber laden ships which are constantly passing through here bound from the River St. Lawrence to foreign ports.

The following night was much quieter, the wind veered to the westward enough to set the staysails, and about the middle of the afternoon off Point Rick light it had swung enough to allow the big topsails to be shaken out.

After a few hours the wind came light and baffling, then came dead ahead and we steamed up to Point Amour Lighthouse at midnight in the teeth of a stiff, cold wind, drawing through the straits. Fortunately we were not troubled with fog and the passage of this dangerous channel with its powerful and constantly changing tidal currents and hostile rocks which have ended the lives of many a goodly vessel was safely made during the night, and morning found us between Battle Harbor and Belle Isle in the midst of just such a fleet of icebergs as I found here last year.

Here again fortune smiled on us and a freshening southerly wind filled the Hope's great squares of canvas to overflowing and sent us bowling northward at over a nine knot pace.

As we steamed along the subject of damming the Straits of Belle Isle by a great causeway, thus preventing the ingress of the Labrador ice to the Gulf, and consequently ameliorating the climate of this entire locality, came up for animated discussion. This project, like that of bridging the Atlantic, crops up every now and then. I remember discussing it with Jackson during my first voyage of the straits in 1886. As an engineering feat it is not impracticable, the width of the strait at the narrowest point—Point Amour Light—being only ten miles, and the maximum depth, according to the charts, but fifty fathoms; still, it is likely to be some time before such a radical change is made in the physical economy of this region.

Until late in the afternoon of the 27th the southerly wind kept the Hope's square sails filled and helped us rapidly along, but early in the evening the wind swung directly ahead again and came down with a chilling intensity that spoke conclusively of the existence of ice not far to the northward.

The change from the warm, sunny waters of the Gulf to the chill atmosphere of the great Labrador arctic currents was very accentuated, and caused the starting of the fires in both the forward and after cabins.

To-day it is fully evident that we are

well within the gateway of the sub-arctic regions. The icebergs have become more and more numerous, and all day, as last year, along this same section of the coast. The arctic mirage has charmed us with its varying phases.

During the forenoon we were crossing the broad mouth of Hamilton Inlet and later passed the savage, rugged masses of white Bear Islands, then the "Bulldog" and the "Quaker's Hat," then at 6 o'clock passed close under the bold headland of Cape Harrison, one of the most prominent landmarks of this coast. Just off Cape Harrison lay the southern point of the drift ice; the advance guard of the northerly contingent of the Labrador ice which recent northerly and northeasterly winds have swung in landward. The southern portion of this ice was off the Newfoundland and South Labrador coast, one to three months ago and was of an exceptionally heavy character.

The season here, like that along the entire Atlantic seaboard this year, is cold and backward.

We are now steaming in the lead water between the coast and the off-lying ice, with the probabilities of reaching Turnavik Island, one of the fishing stations and a port of call for the coastal steamer in a few hours. I shall land our mail and then bear eastward through the ice till I reach open water east of it and then follow northward along the edge of the pack to the whaling station at Cape Haven and thence across Davis Strait to Greenland.

R. E. PEARY.

A LONDON MYSTERY.

Former New Orleans
Fruit Merchant Found
Strangled to Death
in the Thames.

LONDON has a murder mystery as puzzling to the police of that city as was the Guildenstern killing to that of New York. As in the local case, the newspapers are doing better work than the police, and if the mystery be ever solved it will be due to the untiring efforts of the newspaper reporters.

On August 5 the body of a magnificently developed man was found floating in the Thames near Wapping. Thirty-six feet of ship's hawser was wound around the body, beginning at the neck. A noose had been made and the man strangled. Then the rope was coiled round the trunk, pinning the arms to the sides. The body was stripped of all clothing and there was a

wound behind the right ear. The eyes and tongue protruded from the head and there was every indication of a fearful struggle.

There was a coroner's inquest. One sitting was held and an open verdict was returned, to the effect that the dead man had met his end by foul means at the hands of some person or persons unknown. Nothing further was heard of the case until three weeks later Lloyd's Weekly identified the body as that of Moritz Wilhelm Ludwig von Veltheim, a German baron and at one time an extensive fruit dealer in New Orleans.

After that there was unfolded a remarkable story of love and intrigue. Not only is there not the slightest doubt that the man was murdered, but suspicion points strongly to certain persons who had good cause to bear him a grudge.

Perhaps the most interesting fact of all is that his widow is acting as detective and vows that she will never rest until she has brought his murderer to justice. So far she has done better work than the detectives and has traced him to his last abiding place, a boarding house near Wapping, where he lived under the name of Vincent. The story is perhaps best told in the words of the widow.

Mrs. von Veltheim has interested the Home Secretary, Sir Matthew White Ridley, and Scotland Yard besides. This is her story.

"I first met my husband at my home in Perth, the capital of Western Australia, when I was a girl, seventeen or eighteen years of age. He proposed to me, and I wished to accept him. My friends, who are in a good position, objected to the match but, finding that he was a German of good family, they ultimately consented, and I was married to him on November 15, 1880, at the registry office, Perth. Owing to a sentence of two years in a fortress being passed upon him for fighting a duel, he got away.

"We afterward travelled together through the United States, where my husband was in business at New Orleans as a fruit merchant. On leaving there we travelled through South America. In January, 1890, we came to London, where we put up at various hotels. My husband, being a handsome man, always attracted great attention whenever he walked along Piccadilly, Pall Mall, or any of the chief walks of that locality. He was thoroughly well known at the West End, where ladies frequently noticed him for his commanding appearance.

"I do not wish to say anything of his failings, but he had them, and they led to an unhappiness between us, he being frequently absent from me. On one of these occasions he took up his residence at a boarding house near Euston square, and at that time there was also living there a young Greek lady, whose parents reside in Greece, her father being a wealthy merchant. This young lady was over on a visit to London, she having a wealthy uncle in London, also a merchant. In consequence of her brother being seriously wounded in the Hellespont games at Greece he came over to London to be tended and nursed by his sister. Unfortunately, while she was tending her brother my husband gained an ascendancy over her, and she was so captivated with him that nothing seemed likely to break off her attachment.

"Failing to break the attachment, other means were resorted to, and, if I am correctly informed, he was offered £2,000 to marry her. My husband went through a form of marriage with her under the assumed name of Franz Ludwig Platon. Instead, however, of handing over the £2,000 the friends professed to suddenly find out, immediately after the marriage, that there was a clause in the will under which the young Greek lady was entitled to money which prevented her from parting with any sum at all. My husband then came back to me, and told the Greek lady that he was a married man, and that she had no claim upon him.

"The girl came here to me in her distress and I sympathized with each other. There were some sad and harrowing scenes, and my husband was in a great dilemma. The Greek girl's friends and associates became enraged at the manner in which my husband had treated her. They threatened to prosecute him for bigamy, and at once commenced proceedings. They wanted me to come forward and help them by giving up my marriage certificate; but, in spite of all my husband had his good qualities, and I determined not to give up my marriage certificate. Neither, in spite of all their promises, would I help them in any way whatever.

"The bigamy case came up for hearing on July 9, and the second marriage was annulled. No criminal proceedings were taken against von Veltheim, as the wife refused to plead guilty to testify.

Dr. Phillips, the coroner's physician, is of the opinion that the man was strangled and his body placed in the water some days after his death.

WASHINGTON HIS ANCESTOR.

A Lineal Descendant of
the Great Virginian Is
Living in One of Chi-
cago's Suburbs.

WILMETTE, a suburb of Chicago, is the home of a lineal descendant of George Washington. His name is Bushrod D. Washington. His occupation is as humble as his ancestry is notable, for he is a house painter.

Bushrod D. Washington is a direct descendant from Augustine Washington, third child of Augustine Washington, father of the President. Although George Washington displayed no partiality in dividing his estate, nevertheless the direct ancestors of Bushrod Washington, of Wilmette, received legacies and heirlooms which were highest prized by the father of this country. Spotswood Augustine Washington, third child and oldest son of Bushrod Washington, great-grandfather of the General, was the father of the Wilmette descendant. He was born at Mount Zephyr, near Mount Vernon, Fairfax County, Va., July 11, 1811. In 1833 he went West and settled in Iroquois County, Ill.

When Bushrod returned from the war in 1865, suffering from half a dozen wounds received while fighting in the battles engaged in by General John A. Logan, he

found his father on his deathbed. The last act of the dying man was to bequeath him all the relics and private documents of Washington. Among the things which had been handed down the line in compliance with the testamentary request of General Washington was his private seal. It was this instrument which is said to have been used in signing Major Andre's death warrant.

History says that this seal was used when George Washington sent peremptory command to General Lee to make the trip across the Delaware. Not being able to lay his hands at once upon the seals of his office, General Washington tore the private seal from his watch chain, dipped it into molten tallow and made the impression on the order.

Bushrod Washington values this heirloom above all others, but determined that he would give it to the National Museum at Washington. But he learned the truth of the adage that there is "many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." Mr. Washington has lived in Chicago since the war, but he seldom tells of his illustrious ancestry. Nevertheless he was sought and all the private and unpublished letters in George Washington's own handwriting, which had been handed to Bushrod by his father, are no longer his. It is a matter of history that the rightful heirs of the Mr. Vernon estate obtained little of it, and thus it is that Mr. Washington, of Wilmette, has little else than family relics as heirlooms.

Ten years ago Bushrod Washington's wife became seriously sick. Painting was not a good trade and soon Mr. Washington's resources began to fade away. Then he thought of the seal. Among those who were anxious to get it was Charles F. Gunther, who offered \$200 for the seal, and obtained it at that price. Mr. Gunther has guarded the seal to the present time, but has kept it from public exhibition. Subsequent to the sale the Sons of Commandery of the American Revolution Society at Washington endeavored to buy the seal and present it to Mr. Washington. But Mr. Gunther would not part with it.

Bushrod Washington in stature and in his bearing displays the characteristics of his forefathers. He is tall and thin, with kindly but sharp features. The interior of the Washington home in Wilmette is filled with relics. Swords are on the walls next to old pictures of George Washington and other ancestors.

William Washington, another descendant of the family, living at Kankakee, has valuable relics, among the number being a buckle and nail of Washington's saddle. Mrs. Fannie Washington Finch, of Washington, said to be the nearest kin of George Washington, possesses a medicine case which belonged to the general. Other relics are distributed among the family, but the most valuable heritage is said to be the seal.

Bushrod Washington's record is one of heroism. He was born in Kalamazoo, Mich., and went to the front as sergeant of a squad in Battery D, First Illinois Light Artillery. He fought in the battles of Shiloh, Fort Henry, Corinth, Bolivar, Vicksburg, Raymond, Jackson, Champion Hill, Kennesaw Mountain and took part in fighting Hood's men all through the campaign.

Dog and Master at Rest
Together in One
Grave.

Tales without number of the strong affection existing between master and dog might be cited, but perhaps none quite so charming as that related of the late Captain Henry Elliot Bayley, of Exmouth, England. His favorite Scotch collie had preceded him in death some time ago, and his remains had been buried in a garden, with a monumental stone over them which was properly inscribed. The captain's remains were cremated, and at his express wish his ashes were buried under the same stone which marks the grave of his pet.



Earl Reynolds, On His New Bicycle Skates, Beat a Fast
Wheelman Over a Quarter-Mile Stretch.

Bicycle Skater Outrides a Wheelman.

WILL the bicycle skate force the bicycle itself into second place? Thousands of wheelmen are wondering if the race between Earl Reynolds and his skates and Charles J. Fox on his bicycle is indicative of a new era for the wheel.

There are many who believe that skating will resume its old-time popularity. The new era seems to be that of a new combination roller and bicycle skate. H. S. Sierke, European expert in the art of bicycle skating, is now visiting in this country with a view of possible engagements.

Earl Reynolds, the champion skater, tells of his race on skates at Bath Beach, against the wheel, as follows:

It was only a quarter of a mile, and it is very hard to get your best speed in that short distance, but I made up my mind that when we got the word to go I would show what I could do and incidentally show Fox the way. They gave me a start of twenty yards, which was really a good deal more than I needed, and at no time was Fox within reaching distance.

I heard the people cheering, but I could not tell whether they were cheering Fox or me. I knew that I was in the lead, but it seemed to me that there was a chance at all times that Fox might be coming up on me. In a second, however, when I realized that I was not being caught, I felt

that the victory was mine.

As I neared the end of the course I pulled myself together for one grand finish. I made up my mind that I would make a record right then and there, or never try again. The blood came to my head and then I was as cool as possible. Nothing could be seen of Fox. A second more and I went across the line. Fox came in presently.

I do not pretend to be a prophet, but basing my judgment on experience and mechanical knowledge of speed getters, I look for some marvellous results from continued experiments with the bicycle skate.

EARL REYNOLDS.

\$5000

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We want to make Women's Ideas the most popular magazine in America, and will send above amount in an interesting educational contest, and we give below words from which letters have been omitted and their places supplied with stars. Fill in the stars with proper letters so as to correctly give the answers, which give the names of nine noted women of the world. For instance, the person sending the correct answer, \$100; third, \$75; fourth, \$50; fifth, \$25; sixth, \$10; seventh, \$5; eighth, \$2; ninth, \$1; tenth, \$0.50; to the next fifty, each \$0.25; to the next one hundred, each \$0.10.

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WHAT YOU MUST SEND. Every contestant in sending solution must send: 1. Name and address. 2. A recent photograph. 3. A letter from a friend or relative. 4. A letter from a teacher or principal. 5. A letter from a pastor or minister. 6. A letter from a judge or juror. 7. A letter from a doctor or lawyer. 8. A letter from a merchant or tradesman. 9. A letter from a public official. 10. A letter from a private citizen.

Send your solution to: Women's Ideas, P. O. Box 100, Philadelphia, Pa. Solutions must be received by September 25, 1897. The prize will be awarded to the person sending the correct answer. The prize is a gold watch and a set of tools. Everyone is rewarded for their work.

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